

## SOUPY LETTERS

His father & he  
were raised together  
in a Jap prison camp;  
he 7  
& his father 33  
they came back into the world  
& went their separate ways.

They grew up identical however  
possessed of  
awesome self-control &  
self-assurance  
each chalking up a  
string of legend-making  
deeds.

Now his father waits to die  
in obscure Spain  
& he sleeps in small rooms  
in dreamy San Francisco.

Two years ago I got this  
soupy letter from my dad  
he told me  
& of course I didn't answer.  
Last year I wrote him  
a soupy letter  
& I still haven't heard.

He smiled with those  
steady piercing eyes  
the face around the eyes  
furrowed & coarse  
the hair thinning & grey at 37,  
he smiled at me &  
held out his fist:

I never let go  
he told me  
that's my secret  
I don't make statements  
& I never let go;  
others dream &  
then they fall apart.

I reached out &  
took his fist --  
not so hard  
I told him  
not so hard  
& all the fingers  
came undone.